**Bob Dylan’s 115th Dream - Lyrics**

Bob Dylan

I was riding on the Mayflower

When I thought I spied some land

I yelled for Captain Arab

I have yuh understand

Who came running to the deck

Said, “Boys, forget the whale

Look on over yonder

Cut the engines

Change the sail

Haul on the bowline”

We sang that melody

Like all tough sailors do

When they are far away at sea

“I think I’ll call it America”

I said as we hit land

I took a deep breath

I fell down, I could not stand

Captain Arab he started

Writing up some deeds

He said, “Let’s set up a fort

And start buying the place with beads”

Just then this cop comes down the street

Crazy as a loon

He throw us all in jail

For carryin’ harpoons

Ah me I busted out

Don’t even ask me how

I went to get some help

I walked by a Guernsey cow

Who directed me down

To the Bowery slums

Where people carried signs around

Saying, “Ban the bums”

I jumped right into line

Sayin’, “I hope that I’m not late”

When I realized I hadn’t eaten

For five days straight

I went into a restaurant

Lookin’ for the cook

I told them I was the editor

Of a famous etiquette book

The waitress he was handsome

He wore a powder blue cape

I ordered some suzette, I said

“Could you please make that crepe”

Just then the whole kitchen exploded

From boilin’ fat

Food was flying everywhere

And I left without my hat

Now, I didn’t mean to be nosy

But I went into a bank

To get some bail for Arab

And all the boys back in the tank

They asked me for some collateral

And I pulled down my pants

They threw me in the alley

When up comes this girl from France

Who invited me to her house

I went, but she had a friend

Who knocked me out

And robbed my boots

And I was on the street again

Well, I rapped upon a house

With the U.S. flag upon display

I said, “Could you help me out

I got some friends down the way”

The man says, “Get out of here

I’ll tear you limb from limb”

I said, “You know they refused Jesus, too”

He said, “You’re not Him

Get out of here before I break your bones

I ain’t your pop”

I decided to have him arrested

And I went looking for a cop

I ran right outside

And I hopped inside a cab

I went out the other door

This Englishman said, “Fab”

As he saw me leap a hot dog stand

And a chariot that stood

Parked across from a building

Advertising brotherhood

I ran right through the front door

Like a hobo sailor does

But it was just a funeral parlor

And the man asked me who I was

I repeated that my friends

Were all in jail, with a sigh

He gave me his card

He said, “Call me if they die”

I shook his hand and said goodbye

Ran out to the street

When a bowling ball came down the road

And knocked me off my feet

A pay phone was ringing

It just about blew my mind

When I picked it up and said hello

This foot came through the line

Well, by this time I was fed up

At tryin’ to make a stab

At bringin’ back any help

For my friends and Captain Arab

I decided to flip a coin

Like either heads or tails

Would let me know if I should go

Back to ship or back to jail

So I hocked my sailor suit

And I got a coin to flip

It came up tails

It rhymed with sails

So I made it back to the ship

Well, I got back and took

The parkin’ ticket off the mast

I was ripping it to shreds

When this coastguard boat went past

They asked me my name

And I said, “Captain Kidd”

They believed me but

They wanted to know

What exactly that I did

I said for the Pope of Eruke

I was employed

They let me go right away

They were very paranoid

Well, the last I heard of Arab

He was stuck on a whale

That was married to the deputy

Sheriff of the jail

But the funniest thing was

When I was leavin’ the bay

I saw three ships a-sailin’

They were all heading my way

I asked the captain what his name was

And how come he didn’t drive a truck

He said his name was Columbus

I just said, “Good luck”